

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]  
Rio de Janeiro, September 5.  
Three times within the present century the

Another axis growing out of the labor question has seemed to threaten the Empire. The threat, "Down with Monarchy" has not been altogether a silent muttering, notwithstanding the high esteem in which the sovereign is held by the mass of his subjects. The cry was first raised by the inland planters, and it was taken up throughout the land, in no place more readily than in São Paulo, the hot-bed of innovations. Paradoxical as it seems, this incipient demand for a democratic government is but the natural reaction from the great popular enthusiasm for the Emancipation Act. Finding themselves at once deprived of their chattels, apparently at the instigation of the Royal family, many of the wealthier planters accuse the Government of direct robbery, and hence of direct tyranny. Although the rising excitement was allayed by the promise of financial aid, and the actual negotiation of the loan, it was one that money could not wholly quiet, the more so in that the demand was already taken up by the leaders who had demanded the abolition of slavery. To ward off this danger required not gold alone, but diplomacy. The diplomacy has consisted in scattering widespread honors and titles. Four titles are permissible in the Empire—Baron, Count, Viscount and Marquis. The majority of titles heretofore existent were handed down from the days of Portuguese dominion, or from the early days of the Empire. A few have from time to

It took place in Boston, and not long ago, that the mistress of a house, not much given to going into the kitchen, and not much given to meddling, saw her kitchen maid in the act of emptying a spoonful of granulated white sugar into the fire. Sugar is not commonly used in this way, and she was a little suspicious. The fire took on excellent shape. The head of the house had noticed that he was called upon to pay for a great deal of sugar, and he thought of the article; but she did not wonder any more, especially as the girl, under the influence of the sugar, was using the sugar to quicken the fire. "Sure, mum," she said, "we must have the fire, an' the coal burns that show that me heart is broke waitin' on it."

HE HAD BOTH PRIDE AND TASTE, ANYHOW.  
From The Albany Journal.

And a young female pedagogue residing in the Molokai Valley prides herself on the close relations of trust and confidence which exist between her and the many little girls who are under her tuition. One of the many little fellows made his way to the teacher's desk, and with many blisses and much embarrassment, finally said to her, "Miss, my pants cost \$10. You miss— if my pants don't match my coat."

"Not now," said Bedell.

"I hope not," replied the lawyer, "but you have been?"

"Yes."

"Of what church?"

"Don't ask me that," pleaded Bedell. "Why should you want to east odium on the church I attended?"

"Sir, I have got out of this wall, but it was bad to go to it. You are right, Bedell," he said. "I withdraw the question. There is something decent left in you, after all."

Emerson had no defence, and what he attempted in lieu of defence was despicable. He brought a dejected creature into court, brazen of face and all discolored into black lace and jet trappings, and attempted to prove, by confronting the witness with her, that he had spent his stolen fortune in debaucheries. Bedell He said no. If he knew Blanche something or other.

"What?" thundered the lawyer.

"I don't know her."

"Is Miss Creature in court?" asked Mr. Howe, calling her name.

She stood up apparently indifferent to the hundred eyes that were turned toward her. The lawyer dramatically walked from his place down to where she was standing and led her directly up to the bar of the court.

"Oh, don't you know this lady?" he asked.

"No," said Bedell. "And yet I may met her."

"Oh! indeed? You may have met her! If you had spent thousands of dollars in wine and presents for her, wouldn't you have remembered it?"

"Probably not. As a matter of fact I have not spent as much as \$1,000 of the money I took in dissipation. Within the possibilities of that limit, however, all you institute may be true. When I am intoxicated my mind leaves me completely."

[illegible]

Pier 6 the man was extremely pleasant, but refused to know if I had money enough to pay the freight in case they had the box. He warned me not asking for credit. It was easier, he remarked, to open a large book, for a man to get freight out of the eye of a needle than for a man to get freight out of a pocket. He added, upon making an examination, but he advised me, in case I still thought I had money, to go to Pier 21, where there was no exchange, and afterward examined Pier 15, Pier 24, now called Pier 22, Pier 12, now number 11, and Pier 10, where he brought nothing, in which it bore a painful resemblance to the foot of Carlisle's. He then, in compliance to the foot of Carlisle's, made the acquaintance of Pier 9, and temporarily rested at the foot of Veery-st. I rehearsed all the above to the agent, who was waiting at Pier 6. At last, after a clean sweep, I went from Pier 3 to Little West-st., meeting a man who told me that he had found nothing of my box, but that he was going to look for it, and as it was now growing dark and most of the offices were closed, I left him to look for it. As the night wore on, time elapsed, in which I kept going the number, and gave the people a chance to find the box. At last, at 11 o'clock, I met a man in the West-st. in corresponding with the agent, in whom the box was shipped. He referred to it as "one case" and said it was loaded on a truck, and was being stored at \$2.50, and said he had seen a freight-tracer after it. I was totally unimpressed, and he said he would go to the office and get it. I was deeply comforted to know that something was being done. The agent explained that it was the box of the American Express Company for its value, \$25.00, less the cost of the freight, to the point where it dropped out of sight, and that it was not to be recovered. I thought, though, he could not say positively. I was anxious to do everything in his power to help

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